

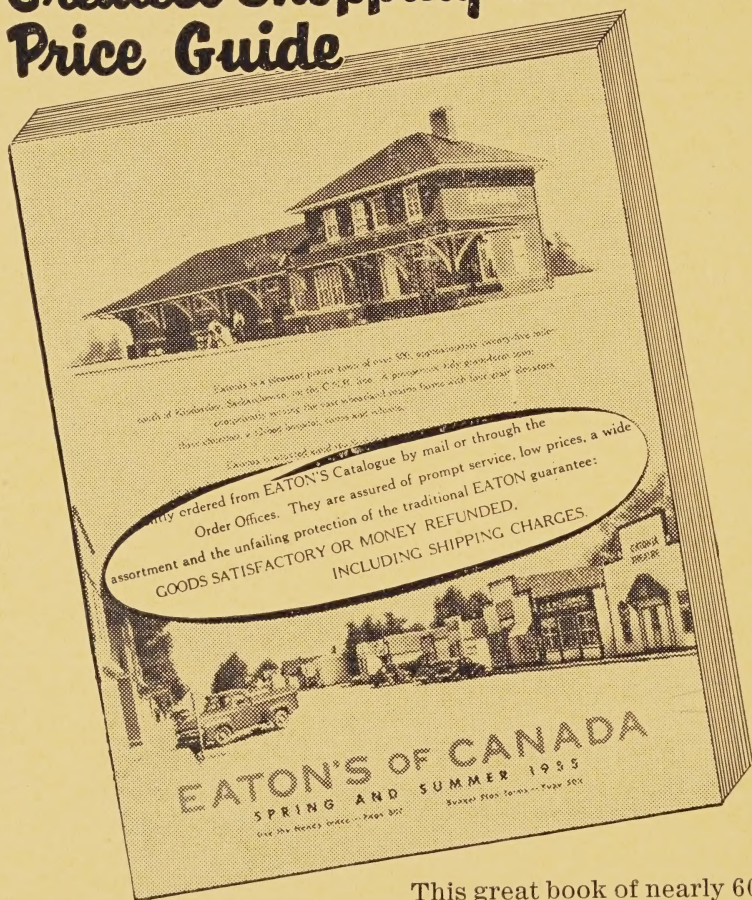
MOUNTAIN— —ECHOES

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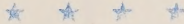
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A H CAMPBELL

Warden

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No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice, will be published. Any views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration.



We are indebted to Bulman Bros. printing firm of Winnipeg, for the use of the color 'cuts' on our cover and for the 'cuts' in this issue. Our thanks also to Judge Hamilton who on our behalf, made this arrangement possible.

Editorial

Proposed Habitual Criminal Law

Shocking Denial Of Justice

Lawyers who have been studying the revised sections of the Criminal Code, which will come into effect next April, have been shocked by the new regulation that takes away from persons accused of being habitual criminals both the right to trial by jury and the right to appeal if they are found guilty.

It is all very well to say that society must be protected from people who have spent their lives breaking the law and that once a persistent criminal has reached the age of 40 without showing any sign of changing his ways he should be put away for an indeterminate period.

Possibly there are men who must be kept caged like wild animals until they die, although it would be a strange and stubborn person indeed who would claim that we know enough about human conduct to decide when a human being is beyond redemption.

But justice is indivisible; when we take away from the worst of men the right to have his case heard by a jury of his peers and to ask for a reassessment of their evidence against him, we weaken that right for all men.

Canadian authorities have much to learn about enlightened treatment of criminals.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor G. Enns

Assoc. Editor G. Madden

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

S. Smith

B. Winters

C. Engel

R. Marshall

R. Beach

G. Gagnon

B. Reese

COMPOSITORS

B. Winters

R. Marshall

G. Madden

P. Saito

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CONTENTS

- 2 Editorial
- 4 The Button
- 6 Progress or Failure?
- 8 The Break I Got From
Prison
- 10 Let Us Cut The Rope
- 12 A Friend!
- 13 And Then The Fun Begins
- 14 Some Laws Too Primitive
- 15 From Here And There
- 18 Dog Bites
- 19 Things I'd Like Too See
- 20 Echoes In Sport
- 22 Off-Sides
- 23 Four Straight For All-Stars
- 24 Penal Echo-ettes

Photo-engravings prepared
by Western Engraving
Bureau Limited, Winnipeg.

Alone—faced with a chain of logic he couldn't refute—the man searched for a button!



The Button

By Dutch

Reprinted from The Raiford Record

The cell was dark—too dark to see even the concrete wall close to his side. Into that black abyss a single beam of light threaded its way through a narrow keyhole in the steel door.

The rough concrete felt cold against his naked skin, forcing a shiver through his body, but he felt a satisfaction in the discomfort. At the thought he chuckled, rubbing his hand idly over the rough wall.

Slowly, clumsily, he climbed to his feet. "I've got to *walk* for awhile—to break the monotony," he urged himself, half aloud. The pattern was burned in his brain. Could he ever completely erase it after his release from the *hole* and return to his regular prison cell?

Would this first twenty-four hours never pass? And after that there would be nine times twenty-four

hours left. Nine times twenty-four hours in which to live with himself in the ultimate of primitive simplicity, without conveniences for keeping his mind occupied; without any of the civilized methods of wasting time. How does a man occupy his mind for ten times twenty-four hours, to keep it from crossing that hazy border-line separating normalcy and insanity?

Before his mind flashed a picture of his cell in the prison's mammoth cell-block. It looked just as it had looked for nearly seventy months. On the top bunk he watched a succession of men who had shared the cell with him. "Yes, even that *last* one," he mused, "—the one who was strictly no good. That's what I was thinking last night when I walked up to the bed and tried to knock his head square with the mop handle." He sneered. "Can't put my finger on anything specific he's done, but a convict can *feel* it when another convict's no good. It's worth ten days in the hole to be rid of him!"

People learned to be careful how they treated him—learned the hard

way. That Latin professor at State University, for instance. An inkwell on the side of his head had probably cured the old buzzard of making snide remarks about students' translations. Being thrown out of college was a stiff price to pay for that bit of retribution, but the satisfaction he had felt made it worth while.

It struck him suddenly. Never before had he been in a position where he had had to rely entirely on his mind to help pass so much time. Ten times twenty-four hours! *A mind could snap in ten times twenty-four hours!*

Back and forth he continued to pace—three full steps, then turn; three more full steps, then turn once again.

The heat in the tiny cell was maddening. Down his naked body ran rivulets of perspiration. The dank, musty odor of the place forced itself into his consciousness. Distastefully he shook his head.

His mind, groping in the past, flashed before him a quick succession of pictures. Only occasionally did the procession slow down enough for him to look reflectively at an individual scene. How he had cried from fright when his kindergarten teacher locked him in the cloak room for an act of misconduct. He nearly died from the fear he experienced at being confined, crushed, by those four walls—in the darkness. Ridiculous? It didn't seem so at the time.

A couple of years later he had become lost while exploring a cave. He spent several hours alone—again in the darkness. The next few days he was under a doctor's care. He tried

to remember his feelings then: the helplessness, the fear of being crushed by walls he couldn't see but which he could *feel* pressing in on him, the desperation, the urgent desire to rush off wildly in all directions.

Suddenly he shuddered. A spasm of that same helplessness swept thru his body! As terror gripped him he clutched his fists tightly. He was possessed of an overpowering desire, a desire to be outside that tiny, dark cell for just a few minutes—*for just a minute!* Sweat poured from his body. Fighting to overcome this attack of an almost forgotten phobia, he clamped his teeth rigidly.

As suddenly as it had begun, the desperation left him limp, trembling. Sweat continued to pour from his body. On the floor he lay, relaxed now, but fearing a repetition of that emotion. He must fight that feeling—a *man could easily go insane in here!*

Suddenly his bare foot touched an unfamiliar object. Investigating it with his big toe, he was unable to form a definite mental picture. He sat up and felt around in the dark until his hand found the tiny object. He crawled to the keyhole, laughing to himself, and held it up in the pinpoint of light.

It was a small, smooth, white button.

He rubbed it meditatively. "Where did it come from? When they put a man in here they take all his clothes."

Climbing to his feet he leaned against the wall, flipping the button into the air and catching it.

(continued on page 16)

Progress or Failure?



By R Beach

In talking of penitentiaries, one often hears mentioned the *new deal*. The question that arises is, what is the New Deal?

Prior to World War II, a Royal Commission under the direction of Mr. Archambault made a thorough study of penal conditions in Canada and found them to be out-dated, even barbaric. Men imprisoned for some offense found only one type of punishment; hatred, bordering on brutality. No effort was made to rehabilitate the offender; only hatred was bred into him. The Commission proposed that many drastic changes be made in the penitentiaries to do away with these dark-age conditions.

It was not until after the second World War that a new program was drafted and put into effect. The year 1947 saw a change in the Department of Justice, Penitentiaries Branch. Changes in the penitentiaries started in 1949. These proposed and adopted changes were to remedy conditions that were prevalent in pre-war years. The motto had changed from 'punishment with hatred' to 'punishment and rehabilitation'.

Rehabilitate the offender, so he could take his place in society, and no longer be a drain on the tax-payer through subsequent crimes, was the primary purpose of the new deal. In order to accomplish this, several institutional changes had to be made, to relieve stress within the inmate. The new deal set out to make these changes.

Educational facilities were improved. Better and more modern class-rooms and text-books were made available. Correspondence courses were introduced on a much greater scale to any who wished to improve their educational standards. Newspapers — dailies and weeklies, were permitted, as were almost all magazines.

In four institutions trade schools were set up, with capable instructors placed in charge. Here, a variety of trades are available to the inmate wishing to learn, and who has sufficient time to complete such trade instructions. Practical and classroom instructions are given, so many hours must be devoted to each, and on the successful completion of the training

the inmate receives a form of acknowledgement, varying from apprenticeship papers to a slip stating time in training. These trades cover almost all constructional fields. Unfortunately Manitoba Penitentiary is not one of these institutions as yet.

A change was made in recreation. Competitive sports, involving team and individual competition, were permitted. Softball, hockey, touch-football and boxing replaced the endless circle. Active playing replaced silent marching. To the inmates and the administration this was the best part of the new deal, even if for different reasons.

In addition to these reformatory measures, a change in remuneration was made. A progressive pay system of 10, 15, and 20 cents per day was inaugurated. An inmate starts at the 10 cents upon admittance, and is graded up depending on several conditions. Since its inception, many arguments—pro and con—over this grading system have arisen.

In the picture portrayed above there are many bare spots. Inmates would rather see more effort put into actual co-operation, with all given a fair chance at learning something useful. Too much time is spent doing work that is of no value to the inmate upon his release.

At present, a classification board is responsible for the placement of inmates in the various shops here. The classification officer bears the additional responsibility of securing

employment for the inmate upon his release. To date, these are two sections of the new deal that are still suffering from growing pains. It finds itself with a big job, and very little to do the job with. Yet, this is supposedly a very important section of an inmate's successful rehabilitation and subsequent usefulness to society.

Without the adoption of some solid method of institutional reform and trade-training, the new deal has reached its zenith in some of Canada's penitentiaries. With this peak reached, it has no recourse but to start falling—for nothing can remain stagnant without decaying. Inmates will look upon the new deal with degrading skepticism. Institutional personnel will feel false confidence in its appeasement factors, and even use some of these as a club over the inmates heads. In the ensuing crash, many will wonder why the new deal failed, forgetting it never reached a stage of success. For to be instrumental in reducing the number of recidivists, it must be progressive.

It must give the offender a feeling of confidence, self-assurance and respect, and not of the false variety. It must teach him to face life's problems squarely, with a feeling of being able to succeed, not to run from them. It must teach him to think for himself, and look after himself. Only when it does this may it be called successful.

•

Did you hear about the octopus who somehow got into a cement mixer? Just a crazy mixed-up squid!

The Break

I Got From Prison

By Charles A. Ward

Reprinted from THE GUIDE POSTS

A murderer tends my garden. An executive in my company has a prison record for robbery. One of the best foremen in my factory was once wanted by police of eight states. Hundreds of my employees—and my friends—could tell you anything you want to know about life in a penitentiary.

I could tell you myself. Like many of the people who work with me here at Brown and Bigelow, I am an ex-convict.

Prison marks a man. He goes there to pay the debt for the crime he committed against society; but, when his term ends society rarely gives him a paid-in-full receipt. Nobody wants him. The only route open for him leads back to crime. I know; it almost happened to me.

At 17, I decided I wanted to see the world. I had already seen quite a lot of it. My family owned a saloon and, because it kept them so busy, I had my time to myself. I earned spending money shining shoes, selling newspapers, delivering groceries, doing odd jobs around the tavern. My life was my own, and I wanted more from it than it was giving me.

I quit the Denny Hill High School and ran away from my Seattle home. The years rushed by. I became a sailor; I drove an Arctic dog team; I panned gold in Alaska. When Pancho Villa formed his army in Mexico, I joined him. During the fighting, Villa appointed me a captain and put me in charge of supplies.

They were hectic years—rough years—and, inescapable, they often took me to the fringe of the underworld. But *just* the fringe. I soon learned, however, that even this can be too close.

In 1919, I was arrested in Denver for possessing narcotics. I'd never had anything to do with narcotics. But nobody believed me; my vagabond life was too flavored with fringe and adventures to defend my innocence. Convicted of the charge, I was sent to Leavenworth.

Certainly I had plenty of reasons to be bitter. I was, in underworld language, framed. But now I often wonder if actually I was framed by God. Because at Leavenworth, I got the one thing most prisoners rarely get—a break.

My break came from my cell-mate.

Herbert Huse Bigelow was serving a term for income tax evasion. Both of us worked in the electric shop at Leavenworth Penitentiary. I liked the work and eventually became the chief electrician. Also, I decided that I wouldn't let the fact that I was unjustly imprisoned embitter me and, to keep myself occupied, I volunteered for extra work.

Herbert Bigelow worked with me on several of the projects. We became good friends. He was released ahead of me and, when he left, he offered me a job at the St. Paul company of which he was the president.

At first I considered his offer the good break that convicts dream about. But then, one day at prison chapel services, I heard about another man who had received a break.

His name was St. Dismas. Nobody knows today what crimes he committed—maybe only one crime, or maybe he was unjustly convicted. Whatever happened, he was crucified for it. Two other men were crucified the same night and, as they were dying, Dismas, recognizing the man in the middle as Divine, called:

"Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy Kingdom."

And Jesus answered: "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

So Dismas got his break.

I had never before thought of religion in terms of myself. Now I wondered. Who knows? Maybe Dismas and I had a lot in common.

Later, thinking about the story, I looked at the men around me. I knew how badly they wanted a break. I had mine, from Herbert Bigelow. I made up my mind then that some-

day I'd give another convict a break.

In 1924 I went to work for Herbert Bigelow at \$25 a week. I wanted to prove to him that he hadn't misjudged me so I worked hard. Working hard, I received regular promotions. Nine years later I was general manager of the firm. When Herbert Bigelow died in 1933, I was chosen president of the company.

But I didn't wait until then to fulfill the promise I had made to myself. As soon as I was in position to have a voice in employment matters, I got in touch with men I knew in prison—men I knew deserved a break—and offered them jobs.

In time, that promise to myself became company policy, as we grew from 728 employees in 1933 to more than 6,500 today. Through the years more than 300 men and a score of women, all ex-convicts, have gone to work here at Brown and Bigelow upon their release from prison. Many of them were paroled to me. A few of these men and women have earned executive jobs with the company. Others have remained loyal and hard-working factory employees for as long as twenty years.

We haven't coddled them. Outside of giving them the chance to hold a decent job, the only other extra benefit they get is that we forget their past.

On our staff is Frank W. Sommer, a former Secret Service man, United States Marshal and St. Paul police chief. Through his many contacts at prisons across the country, he locates men and women who need and deserve the kind of break we are able

(Continued on page 18)

Be not overcome with evil, but

overcome evil with good.—Romans 12:21

Let Us Cut The Rope

By R. S. Marshall

The Canadian Senate and House of Commons is expected to meet again, shortly, to consider what steps must be taken in an effort to either retain or abolish capital punishment.

The outstanding advocate of its abolition in the present House is W. Ross Thatcher, the resourceful Socialist businessman who represents Moose Jaw. He and his allies argue that capital punishment offends against the principles of Christianity, that hanging is an inhuman business which brutalizes the officials who carry out an execution, that the death penalty is purely and simply revenge, that Canadians who *were not* murderers but merely accessories to the crime have sometimes been hanged, and that in states or countries where capital punishment has been abolished there has been no increase in homicidal crimes.

Men from all walks of life have appeared before the committee including the Minister of Justice, psychiatrists, psychologists, prison doctors, wardens, Crown prosecutors, judges, lawyers, policemen, church-

men, labor leaders and representatives of various other groups. Truly a distinguished roster of witnesses. About the only thing tangible to come out of all this is a wide swath to separate the opinions of the law-enforcement agencies, who want to retain capital punishment, and almost everyone else, who want to abolish it as soon as possible. The most important facet of the problem appears to be whether or not hanging a murderer stops others from committing the same crime.

Many people regard a column of statistics as being indicative of the scope of a particular condition. However, statistics *do not* provide the answers in this case.

As Professor Thorsten Sellin, chairman of the Sociology Department, University of Pennsylvania, points out: "Homicide rates seem to move independently of whether a State has the death penalty or not. They are connected, as far as I can see, with local circumstances, the character of the population, shifts in the population over a period of time and other

circumstances in general under which certain conditions favor a high homicidal rate. And if they change, they favor a lower homicidal rate."

Careful studies have been made to determine the frequency of wilful homicides before and after widely publicized executions.

It was discovered that there were more murders committed in a given period of time after the executions than there were previously. This does not indicate that the death penalty serves the purpose as a deterrent in the prevention of murders as our law-enforcement officials are prone to believe.

What then are the reasons for the tenacious grasp of our police on capital punishment as the penalty for murder? It is doubtful if anyone can ascertain the motives of the law under any conditions.

Does the law guard the innocent?

A young Toronto lawyer, Arthur Maloney, Q.C., who is chairman of the committee on criminal justice of the Ontario branch of the Canadian Bar Association, did not think so and made his submission an attack on the law. He said that: "...the law is so imperfect that it is dangerous for the state to take a man's life because there is always the chance that he may later be found to have been innocent."

This condition still prevails and presents a strong enough point to warrant the abolition of capital punishment. Although the number is not known, the possibility exists that innocent men *have* paid the supreme penalty to satisfy society. The anguish suffered by the survivors

of the convicted innocent men must have been almost unbearable. The problems they must have faced in their attempts to retain friends and uphold respect in the family name most certainly may have seemed to be unsurmountable. Of course, they undoubtedly must feel relieved when the blemish and shame have been removed. *But*, the removal of shame and disgrace from the members of the family does not pay for the life of a man who has been hanged because justice was blind to the possibility of his innocence. The abolition of the death penalty will certainly remove the chances of men being hanged for murders they did not commit.

The Irresistible Impulse: What Is It?

The matter of the irresistible impulse is governed by the 'McNaghten Rules,' originally enunciated by a group of British judges in 1843, and subsequently written into our Code. These rules provide, in effect, that no person shall be convicted of a crime if, at the time, he was by reason of mental disease unable to understand "the nature and quality of the act" or that it was wrong.

Psychiatrists have long criticized these rules as not in accordance with the latest medical theories. There exists a considerable number of deranged persons who are aware that murder *is* wrong but who had the uncontrollable desire to commit it. The law should be changed so that the defence of insanity could be extended to these individuals. It is inhuman to hang an insane person.

(Continued on page 18)



A FRIEND!

By B. Reese

Irritably the rider pressed his heels to the sides of the winded roan horse forcing it to cross the ice clogged river. The horse paused a brief moment, and then plunged over the ledge into the swift channel, where both rider and horse became engulfed in the frigid waters.

As the animal labored up the opposite bank a shiver racked the rider's body. The fierce north wind fingered through the soggy clothing and soon the trousers, mackinaw and boots were a sheen of ice.

On into the freezing night the rider pushed—night without stars, night with the wind rising out of the regions from the north. And into the morning the rider pressed.

Then, under clothes caked with ice, the rider reeling in the saddle, the horse came to a halt completely exhausted from exposure to the cold beside a building and stood very still. With fever racking the young man's body he slipped gently to the ground and lay still.

As the stars began to fade and the dawn started to break on the horizon, a farmer aroused himself

from the warmth of his bed and began to dress. Making certain that a fire was going to take the chill from each room, he started for the barn to do his early morning chores. Walking along briskly in the cold morning air he came to a sudden halt that made him drop his lantern, for there in front of the barn stood a horse trembling from cold of its ice coated body. On the ground lay the body of a young man.

Rushing forward, the farmer lifted the limp figure and turned in rapid pace back to the shelter of his warm house. Laying the man on a small couch, he immediately phoned for a doctor in the nearest town.

On his arrival, the doctor administered a stimulant which quieted him enough in order to relate the message he had of his friend and partner who had become suddenly ill in their trapping cabin seventy miles northward.

The farmer recognizing the description of the place where this man lay in need of immediate attention, set about at once making preparations to start the long trek back into the wilderness to bring him to a hospital.

As the bitterness of the cold had chilled him to the bone from swimming the icy river, with the chill turned to fever, he knew the importance of getting the message through so that his friend could go on living. For the last several hours he had ridden in a delirious stupor, but so intent was he to deliver the message that even the delirium failed to halt this man's goal.

The doctor said he had pneumonia — both lungs were congested. Laying unconscious for days, and during his irrationalizing he lived again the ride through the frost, wind and cold, always thinking of his friend who at all costs needed help if he were to survive. Raving and ranting under the discipline of the hospital, he did not rest until he learned that his friend was safe and sound and was recovering quite rapidly from his serious illness.

After weeks of hospitalization, when at times the doctor seriously thought that amputation would be necessary in the saving of his life, he found that through sheer determination to regain his health and once more take up with his partner was a faith that had brought about his recovery.

Acts such as these do not happen frequently. There are many such ways in which people of today strive to gain and hold the friendship and respect of their loved ones and people who they hope will come to think of them as a friend. It is said that friends are few and far between.

There are some who will go to great measures to make the life of their companion as comfortable as possible. On the other hand, there are individuals who consider their friend to be the God Almighty Dollar, but are, fortunately, in the minority. ●

AND THEN

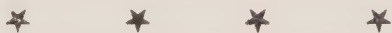


THE FUN

BEGINS

The old Indian was suing for divorce on grounds that his wife was untrue to him. The judge told him that if he could prove his charges he would grant the divorce; otherwise he wouldn't.

"Me prove him all right," said the chief. "When me plant corn, me get corn. When me plant wheat, me get wheat. When me plant potatoes, me get potatoes. This time me get Chinaboy!"



A trio of food, liquor and mattress salesmen were talking shop.

"I hate to see a woman eating alone," commented the food salesman.

"And I can't bear to see a woman drinking alone," observed the liquor chap.

The mattress salesman, being a gentleman, said nothing.

Some Laws

Are Too Primitive!

Like most quips, the one about the law being an ass is too often and basically too broad a generality to make any sense, except as a comment on the fiction character who was put forward as its author. But that some laws must be applied by humane and hence reluctant members of the judiciary, to effect an injustice on the victim, needs no argument. Two recent sentences are cases in point.

Magistrate Hopkins of Hamilton had no option under the law but to sentence a drug addict, who was a repeater, to two years in the penitentiary. Legally he was right. But his personal opposition to the law's rigidity has far greater justification than the statute under which the fourth offender was charged. Complaining that the penal is too rigid to care for such cases, he added:

"I do not like to do this. This man is sick and the law should provide medical attention for him until he is definitely cured."

The second instance involves illness of another sort, a form of illness which does, in fact, lead to public mischief for which jail sentences are provided. But in the case in question, remedial, medical or psychiatric care, rather than imprisonment and its inevitable association with criminals,

should be society's remedy.

Arrested originally on a charge of drunkenness in Regina, a young man from Chicoutimi made an obviously glib and irresponsible confession of having killed Marion McDowell in Scarboro a year ago. No one believed the "confession," but it had to be checked. Hence the "public mischief." But there also is a strong element of public mischief in sending this twenty-three year-old man to jail, instead of to a place where his form of illness could be diagnosed and treated.

Society gains nothing but loss by such ineffective incarcerations. By any enlightened standard the sentences are "unjust." They neither protect society from the aberrations afflicting the accused persons, nor effect cures for those afflicted. The best that can be said for such inflexible laws is that they are traditional.

But their justification has no more substance than an unreasoning vengeance against the weak, the misunderstood ill, and the ignorant. These are not good enough standards for an enlightened age. Western civilization has passed beyond such primitive barbarism.

From Here And There

A woman went to a dentist for the fifth time to ask him to grind down her false teeth because "they don't fit."

"Well," said the dentist, "I'll do it again this time, but no more. By every test, these should fit your mouth easily."

"Who said anything about my mouth," the woman replied testily. "They don't fit in the glass."

"We are now passing the largest brewery in Milwaukee," exclaimed the guide.

"Not me," yelled the mechanic as he leaped off the bus.

CHICAGO—A stick-up artist walked into a South Side cafe and handed the cashier a note reading:

"Madam, this is a hold-up. On you rests the responsibility for the aversion of a tragedy."

How's dat for playin' it cool, huh?

—Monthly Record

The perennial sot oozed into the open elevator shaft, fell four floors to the basement, stood up, unsteadily — as usual — brushed himself off, and then blurted out: "Up! I said UP!"

—Prison Mirror

A preacher walked into a tavern during the course of his welfare work and ordered a glass of milk. By mis-

take the bartender gave him an egg-nog. After drinking it to the last drop he raised his eyes upward and was heard to murmur to himself:

"Lord, what a cow!"

She came in with her hat over one eye, her hair ruffled, and lipstick smudged all over her face.

"What happened?" her roommate asked.

"Well, I was out with a Frenchman," she replied. "I didn't want him to know that I couldn't understand a word he said so I just kept nodding my head."

An old hillbilly was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. When the judge asked if he had anything to say, the old man inquired mildly, "Ain't you bein' a bit liberal with my time?"

The children had all been photographed and the teacher was trying to persuade each of them to buy one of the group pictures.

"Just think how nice it would be," she persuaded, "to look at it when you are grown up and say, 'there's the Rose, she's married;' or 'that's Billy, he went to sea.'"

Then a small voice piped up in the back of the room:

"And there's teacher—she's dead."



THE BUTTON (*Concluded*)

"Funny," he thought, "I can catch it every time, even though it's too dark to see it."

He flipped it a little higher, experimentally. Into his hand it fell. This time he flipped it higher still, and again it returned unerringly.

Little by little he increased the height, catching it with unfailing accuracy. Could he flip it all the way to the ceiling and still catch it?

Up into the air went the button, ceilingward. His hand was poised for the return. He waited, but this time, it missed his hand.

"That's funny!" he said with surprise. "I didn't hear it hit the floor." Dropping to his knees, he felt around in the darkness—nothing but rough concrete.

In the middle of the floor he sat down. "I'll do it logically," he decided. "I'll start at one wall and criss-cross the cell until I find it. Can't miss it that way."

Eagerly he fell to work, but still no button.

"Of course!" he realized suddenly. "There must be a ledge on the wall!" Quickly he jumped to his feet in the darkness, but as high as he could reach he found nothing.

"I've got to be logical about this!" He fell silent. Is there another explanation? "I must call on all my resources," he said at last, "and the resources that fit this situation are a knowledge of physics and the rules of logic." He hesitated. "The button is subject to gravity, like all things with weight. It *had* to fall that last time, but it didn't. Therefore, for that one time, *it was not subject to*

the law of gravity!"

A cold sweat covered his forehead. With his bare arm he smeared it. Frantically he searched for a flaw in his logic, but his instinct (and two credits from the State University in *Formal Logic*) told him the conclusion was not to be brushed lightly aside. "The only way to attack a piece of logic (he was speaking aloud now) is to show that the conclusion does not follow from the facts, *or* that the facts themselves cannot be accepted. The conclusion *does* follow in this case. Therefore the facts must be at fault."

Quickly he reviewed the facts. The button had weight, or it wouldn't have fallen the other times. Anything with weight is subject to gravity. These are the facts. They are as unassailable as the conclusion.

The button had not responded to the law of gravity!

"I must be going mad," he whispered, then repeated it aloud. His voice sounded hollow. His head hurt, a throbbing pressure at the temples.

For many minutes he sat staring at the tiny beam of light threading its way through the keyhole. Again and again he reviewed the problem, and each time he arrived at the same conclusion—a profound and terrifying conclusion.

The button had not responded to the law of gravity!

Deeply absorbed in this thought, he got up and paced back and forth. Three full steps, then turn; three more full steps, then turn once again.

Minutes melted away in the march of hours—hours, in the relentless procession of days—until time ceased

to have any real meaning. Deeply into his brain the pattern of monotony was scorched—walking—lying—sitting—the darkness.

Continually he mused about the consequences of his amazing problem. The forces of the cosmos, of the entire universe, are in a state of fine, precise balance, he reasoned. If one of these forces gets out of line—particularly a basic force like gravity—then other forces have to be out of line, too. Otherwise the rhythm of the entire universe would be thrown out of balance, and a complete breakdown, complete chaos, would follow—the sun and planets, the stars, all running amuck through space! Complete and utter havoc on earth itself—everything destroyed in the chaos!

The terrifying fact is that *the button is still up there!* What other natural law must now be operating out of its normal channel?

His legs pulled up tightly against his chest, he sat on the cold, hard floor. Thoughtfully he stared into the darkness. After many minutes he spoke slowly, very softly, his voice filled with wonder at the magnitude of the revelation. "Of course! Why—of course! How *simple* it is!" His eyes, in the dark seemed to grow larger. The sweltering heat of the cell faded away and cool zephyrs caressed his face, his naked body. The walls ceased to exist and he was

no longer confined to his tiny cell. Prison walls fell away entirely. Earth and sky fused into one, and Eternity clutched him gently to her bosom.

For long minutes he sat perfectly still, enjoying his new-found freedom. Then a laugh wended itself up from the depths of his being—an unearthly laugh, bereft of all traces of sanity. Sharply it split the air! He was free! *He was free!* A second laugh followed the first, then another. In an endless cascade they tumbled forth—a welter of confusion.

He staggered to his feet.

He was free! He was free!

In his exhilaration he stumbled forward, smashing his face against the steel door. Blood gushed from his nose and ran down his bare chest. Violently his fists pounded the steel.

"I'm free! I'm free!" His voice was frenzied. "Do you hear me? I'm free!"

A sudden burst of light exploded in the room. A semi-circle of black uniforms ringed the cell entrance and the pathetic figure who stood beating on a door which was no longer there.

"I'm free! I'm free! I'm free!"

The door swung all the way open, throwing light into every corner of the cell—onto the rough concrete walls—into the high corners of the ceiling—and onto the shimmering breathlessness of the spider web, in the center of which lay a small, smooth, white button.

There was the little country gal who came to college and always went out with city fellers because farm hands were too rough.



DOG BITES

"Have you heard from your boy-friend lately?" asked Sunday.

The little cocker answered:

"I got a litter from him yesterday."

A man was examining a dog in a petshop. Turning to the shopkeeper, he queried:

"How do I know this is a blood-hound?"

Dog looked up and said:

"Whaddya want, blood?"

A cocker-spaniel, Sunday, met another cocker, Be-bop, around the popular hydrant in the neighborhood.

THE BREAK *(Concluded)*

All kinds of criminals have come to us. Believing in them, we help them to look forward, whatever they've done. Thus I have no worries about the murderer who works on my farm, tending the garden where my three children play. Everyone knows what he has done, but everyone believes in what he is doing. Trust must be a full-hearted thing, for you cannot help a man toward whom you have reservations.

After all, when St. Dismas asked for his break, he wasn't cross-examined—he got it.

The help I've been able to give ex-convicts is no crusade. But a crusade I do have, and it is this:

I'd like to see many more employers realize it is not beneath their dignity to help those who have transgressed. Rehabilitation of a man is accomplished on the outside, not on the inside of a prison wall.

Often I think of the night Dismas and Jesus hung on crosses atop Calvary. Another man was crucified with them, but he was too close to death, spiritually and physically, to recognize the divine redemption that was so near to him.

How different his end might have been, if earlier in his life, someone had enlightened him on the mercy of God and the compassion of men, simply by saying:

"Come on, let me give you a break."

THE ROPE *(Conclusion)*

In Canada the method of meting out justice has stagnated. It has not kept up with the times. Progress in law is just as important to a country as is progress in industry,

labour, and the arts and sciences.

Let's see what we can do to win for Canada and Canadians, the distinction of having the most humane and progressive justice in the world. We would be making a splendid beginning by—Cutting the rope. ●

Things I'd Like To See

❧ By S. C. Smith ❧

Someone explain to Willie "Slapshot" Unrow, that down through the hockey years there have been other goals scored via the slapshot route Willie score another, but soon.

"Mr. Sandman" give someone that dream; then we could all get a little rest.

Coach "Pass, Pass" Reese and Assistant Coach "Shoot, Shoot" Enns realize that one cannot "pass, pass" nor "shoot, shoot" until one has the puck in one's possession.

Rusty keep out of my dreams and let me have a good night's sleep.

A little more 'info' on this thing they call the "Third."

Some solid facts to sooth this rumor-shattered herd.

They talk about paroles, some say probation too,

What I'd like to know is, if the damn tale's true?

Tony Baretta, that fine hockey player, and Fika, play on opposing teams.

Jack Matheson of the Tribune quit worrying about Clarence Campbell and the N.H.L. and let Bob Moir of the Free Press do all the worrying about the Blue Bombers. . .

The "Rookie" line of the Prison Team, namely, Hubert, Trojan and Francis get a few pats on the back

for their honest effort and lack of temperament.

Joe, Glen, Louie and Gerry lay off those barbers (?), the results are too obvious; anyway, we're fresh out of toupees.

The guy who stole the wallet off M-7 and the weed from M-8 and M-2 take a good look at himself in a mirror then pat himself on the back . . . with a sharp, pointed instrument

Fritzie get himself onto a curling rink when he leaves this place—look at the money they'd save on brooms.

The League coaches get together on the idea of cleaning the rink between games; it will even itself up as the season progresses, each team doing its share.

Steve find his "Lost Week-End"

Tony G., keep his elbows down, Berrigan as well.

The Black Hawks take the hockey Crown

To prove that class will tell.

Someone tell a certain hockey time-keeper, who incidentally is an Echo Sport writer, that it isn't necessary to handcuff players to the penalty bench while they are serving penalties, neither is it necessary to count each second of the penalty in a drooling manner.

Echoes in Sport

By G. Madden

"A" League Standings

TEAM	GP	W	L	T	GF	GA	PTS
New York	5	4	0	1	24	13	9
Chicago	5	3	2	0	21	15	6
Boston	5	1	3	1	17	16	3
Detroit	5	1	4	0	6	24	2

Individual Scoring

Team	GP	G	A	Pts
Leblonde — NY	5	9	3	12
Chaboyer — Chi	5	5	4	9
Procille — Chi	5	6	2	8
Beattie — NY	5	5	3	8
Aimoe — NY	5	4	4	8
Girard — NY	5	2	6	8
Wallis — Chi	5	4	3	7
St. Gelais — Chi	5	3	4	7
Berthelette-- NY	5	2	5	7

Goalkeeping

Team	GP	GA	Avg
Grenier — NY	5	13	2.60
Perreault — Chi	5	15	3.00
Bevan — Bos	5	16	3.20
Fox — Det	4	18	4.50
Crabbe — Det	1	6	6.00

Dec. 25th. Chicago 5—Boston 4

The opening game of the regular schedule was a hard fought struggle between Chicago and Boston with Chicago earning a close 5-4 victory. An even contest all the way, Wallis of Chicago starred with 2 goals and an assist while Christin of Boston was best for the losers with a pair.

New York 2 — Detroit 1

New York topped Detroit by the odd goal and skated off with a 2-1 triumph. New York took the lead when Leblonde netted the first score of the game but Detroit evened it up minutes later when Williams tallied Detroit's lone tally. With time running out, Leo Dubroy then poked in the winning New York goal.

Jan. 1st New York 3 — Boston 1

With a neat passing attack working strongly, New York outscored their rivals 3 - 1 to win their second straight. Grenier, in net for the winners, was very adept at all times. The only shot to elude him was one fired by Benham. Leblonde led the New Yorkers with two counters and Berthelette poked in the other.

Chicago 6 — Detroit 1

Chicago impressed with their playing and dumped the Detroit team 6-1. Procille turned the hat trick to practically win the game single-handed. St. Gelais, Chaboyer and Wallis registered the other Chicago tallies. Detroit's lone tally was slapped in by Andrusko. Crabbe substituted for



Detroit and Rangers scramble in front of the Bruin's net. Fox, Detroit's net-minder, goes through many such scenes as above.

Fox between the pipes but had a poor afternoon.

Jan 8th New York 8 — Chicago 5

These two clubs met for the first time and racked up the highest score of the season to date. Aimoe, Leblonde Girard and Beattie all scored doubles to complete the New York point production. Behind 4 - 0 at one stage, Chicago never quit trying and the N' Yorkers were glad to hear the final whistle. Chaboyer with two goals and Procille, DeMontigny and Cooper with one apiece rounded out the Chicago marksmen.

Detroit 0 — Boston 8

Playing inspired hockey, the Bostonians ran off with an 8 - 0 whitewash against Detroit. The entire Boston line-up played inspired hockey in this contest while the Detroit outfit suffered a general let-down. Bevan had one of his better days in the Boston nets and deserved the first

shut-out of the season. For Boston, Crane tipped the hat trick, Fortier had a double and Nolan, Sherbuck and Benham singled.

Jan 15th New York 8 — Detroit 3

New York extended its winning streak to 4 straight with an 8-3 victory over the hapless Detroiters in a wide open contest. Although beaten soundly, the Detroit team looked better than the score indicates. Leblonde, the league's top scorer added two more markers to his total while his line-mate, Aimoe, duplicated his feat. Berthelette & Beattie were the other winning scorers. Two newcomers on the Detroit club split the scoring between them. McCooye had a brace and O'Grady a singlet on.

Boston 1 — Chicago 5

With Chicago leading 5 - 1 and 9 minutes left to play, the game was called when the coach of the Boston club refused to heed a referee's de-

cision. This is the first incident of the season and, it is to be hoped, last. Chaboyer paced the Chicago scorers with a double while Procille, St. Gelais and Wallis had singles. Kossar earned the lone Boston goal to spoil Perrault's shut-out.

Jan. 22nd Detroit 1 — Chicago 0

Chicago suffered it's biggest upset when they were held scoreless by a very determined and reshuffled Detroit team that defeated them via the white-wash route, 1-0. McCooye scored the game's only marker at 19:30 of the second frame to enable Detroit to crash the win column for the first time. No single person could be singled out as a star, unless it is Foxie, the Detroit netminder, who never wavered despite an avalanche of rubber.

Boston 3 — New York 3

Coming from behind a 2-0 count in the final stanza, Boston tied it all up and then went ahead 3-2 when Crane banged in a loose puck following a scramble. The lead was short-lived however, as Leblonde scored minutes later with what proved to be the game's final tally. It was Leblonde's second marker as he and Mitchell had notched the first two New York goals. Nolan & Sherbuck were the other Boston marksmen. It marked the first time New York failed to hit the win column.

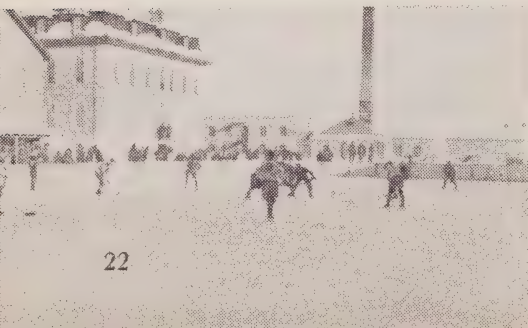
Teams face-off

Off-Sides

Penalties have not been mentioned in any game in league play but they average 6 per game. . . . Coach Ritchie, of the Detroit team, could use a few more fellows like Winters, Dufrane and Raymond who are always trying. . . . Reese, boss-man of Chicago, should tell one of his players that he'll never get any scoring points sitting in the penalty box listening to the timer and scorer enjoying themselves. . . . New York's coach, Boucher, deserves a medal for putting up with the antics and speech of one of his crew. . . . Provost, the Boston head-man, made more trades and switches than any other coach and his shrewdness is paying off. . . . The refereeing and monkeyshines displayed by Larry can't be rivalled anywhere. . . . There is no truth in the rumor that Humicky can no longer see the puck. He can't even see the goal-posts any more!

PLAYER of the Month!

To name a single player alone as the player of the month is to belittle the efforts put into the game by honest, hard-working team-mates. Therefore, the entire first line of the New York team should share equally in this nomination. Leblonde, Aimoe and Girard are the big reason why their club is on top of the standings. Leblonde heads the pack for individual scoring honors by ability and deftness while on the ice but, to be honest, the passing and checking of Aimoe and Girard have to be considered as a big factor in the scoring figures.



Four Straight For All-Stars

Jan. 2nd Stonewall Flyers 3 — All-Stars 7

D.L. Jackson brought his Stonewall Flyers in for the initial game of the year against the local All-Stars and were rudely treated by their hosts who promptly handed them a 7 - 3 set-back. Baretta, Trojan, McAuley and Petrie all flipped the disc in the Stonewall cage before the visitors replied with a return. B. Hogg and Isbister both countered for the Flyers in the second while Hunt tallied for the Stars. Friesen notched the 3rd and final tally for the visitors in the final frame and both Baretta and Petrie ran their second goal apiece in to end the scoring. The quality of hockey shown by both clubs was a welcome treat to the fans.

Jan. 9th Navy 6 — All-Stars 8

The Navy opened the scoring in the game when Sloan found the range, but just 55 secs. later Muckle evened the count. McAuley then tallied to give the locals the lead but it was short-lived as Tilley evened it up for the Navy. Lemieux and Trojan scored two fast ones early in the second to give the Stars a good lead but once again the Navy team had the fans in an uproar when Sloan, Shaw and Patton registered in succession to make it 5-4 for the visitors at the end of the 2nd. The Stars came to life in the 3rd period when Trojan, Ruck, Unrow and Hubert each banged in singles while Blenkiron merited the only Navy tally. For excitement and spectator appreciation, this game really excelled.

Jan. 16th Army 3 — All-Stars 5

The All-Stars continued on their merry way by defeating the visiting Army squad 5 - 3. Using a passing attack that had their opponents slightly bewildered at times and showing a neat defensive pattern, the Stars ran in four unanswered goals in the first frame from the sticks of Ruck, Hubert, Hunt and McAuley. The Army scored the only marker of the second stanza when Price slapped in a bounding puck. With only two minutes played in the final period, Price notched his second goal for Army and then his teammate Anderson came up with another one to keep them right in there. The locals quenched the fire the visitor's had going however when Hubert scooped in his second goal of the game. Roski, in nets for the Stars, was spectacular at times and deserves a good deal of credit for the win.

Jan. 23rd. Air Force 3 — All-Stars 6

The Air Force were handed a 6 - 3 defeat today by the All-Stars. McAuley turned the hat trick for the Stars while team-mates Ceretti, Lemieux and Michalski scored singles. For the Airmen, Lapointe with a brace and Sargent a singleton completed the scoring. It was a ding-dong battle right up to the last few minutes of the final period when the Airmen seemed to wilt a bit and the locals took advantage of the lapse.



Penal

Echo-ettes

By G. Enns

Monthly Record In reading your October editorial, there was a little item which came to our attention. This particular piece concerned your understanding that the Princess Pats', a Canadian Army unit, was made up entirely of ex-convicts. This is completely erroneous, and perhaps we can set you right. The "Pats'" were a Winnipeg regiment, permanent force. When war was declared in 1939, the depression, if you will recall, was very much alive. Many of the recruits of this outfit were victims of the "dirty thirties." It is little wonder that they had the reputation of being tough and rough. Who wouldn't be after standing in line at soup kitchens, kicked off freight trains, living in hobo jungles, no job, little money? Sure, there were ex-convicts in this regiment, but no more than in any other 1st division unit. . . . Your coming through nice and clear. Christmas issue a dandy and a real novel cover.

Angolite Thought they had done away with all those ugly looking stripes. But apparently not. Your fame, "Wooden Ear," has travelled far and wide. Just the other day in the *Winnipeg Tribune*, a local newspaper, we noticed a piece which mentioned that the *Angolite* would cease publication due to faulty hearing facilities. Hope this never happens, for you certainly have a paper which is enjoyed by all of us here.

Spectator Should receive many favorable comments from the penal circuit for a splendid Christmas edition. A lot of work went into compiling a synopsis of so many past years. Nice going!

Beacon You fellows out-did yourselves with your December edition. Couldn't single out any feature better than the other. All good. Pictures certainly enhanced your monthly considerably. Hope we see more of them.

Lanedale Newsy News Come, come, gals. Did we get a bum issue, or were they all mimeo'd upside down? However, after reversing each page, we must concede that you did a swell job, but it is indeed unfortunate that the appearance was spoiled by a little carelessness.

RAMBLING around the circuit: **Tele-Scope** Seen hide nor hair of this pub for quite some time. A lot of faithful subscribers enquiring about you.

New Era Another mag which seems to be missing for a considerable period.

Evergreen First time 'round for us. Hope to see more. **Pillar** Liked your write-up of successful parolees, as described by the three who kept their freedom.

Agricola Congrats on your 1st Anniversary. Always one of the best.

Warden's Files



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